THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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THE ANACONDA.

THE NARRATIVE OF EVERARD BROOKE.

(Concluded.)

THE chamber was hot and close even to suffocation. We removed him with all speed into the open air, four of the slaves bearing him as he sat in his arm-chair; but as we conveyed him down the hill, we took care to turn his face away from the spot where lay the breathless but still horrible Anaconda. The purer atmosphere seemed immediately to produce a beneficial effect upon the sufferer: and his strength was still further recruited by a few drops of a cordial, with which I had taken care to provide myself, and which I administered with the utmost caution.

On our arrival at the mansion-house, we found that Zadi's attention had already provided every thing which his master could possibly need. His bed was prepared; every kind of refreshment was in readiness, and the physician was waiting to afford his much required assistance. But we soon found that the most effectual medicine for Seafield would be the sight of Louisa; and as the physician was of opinion, that the lady was more likely to suffer from anxiety to see her husband, than from the agitation of the interview, my friend was indulged in his wish, and we supported him to the chamber, where his wife so anxiously was expecting his approach.

I will not attempt to describe this interview, nor that which afterwards took place between Seafield and his faithful Zadi; the feeling heart of itself will fill up this chasm—yet I cannot omit mentioning, that it was not till I had explained to my friend the whole extent of his obligations to that faithful Indian, and till the repeated orders of his master compelled him to appear before him, that Zadi indulged his ardent wish to throw himself at the feet of his lord.—And why then did he deprive himself so long of a pleasure, which he desired so earnestly?—The noble fellow was unwilling to afflict his master by showing him, how much and how severely he had suffered for his sake! I cannot tell you, how much both the re-united couple and myself were

affected by this uncommon mark of delicacy and consideration.

Oh! how happily and how swiftly fled away the first days, which succeeded the deliverance of my friend: alas! those first days were the only ones destined to pass happily. It was soon but too evident, that Seafield's suffering in that fatal pavilion had injured his constitution irreparably. With every succeeding day his strength visibly decreased, and the blighted flower bowed itself nearer to the ground. His malady defied the power of medicine; he seemed to perish away before our eyes; and the physician was at length compelled to acknowledge, that all the powers of art were insufficient to sustain any longer Seafield's exhausted frame. Not the unsatisfied demands of nature; not the hunger which gnawed his entrails, nor the burning thirst which dried up his palate; not the agonies of his mind, and his painful wrestling against despair—none of these had affected him so fatally—No; it was the pestiferous breath exhaling from the jaws of the Anaconda, which had penetrated into Seafield's sultry prison; and whose force concentrated and increased by confinement, had fallen upon his constitution like a baleful mildew, and planted the seeds of dissolution in the very marrow of his life.

What Louisa and myself endured, while watching his slow but constantly progressive journey to the tomb, no words can utter. He gave Zadi and his three sons their freedom, and made over to him a small estate near Columbo, fully sufficient to secure the comfort of the good old man for the remainder of his existence. During the last days of his illness he frequently reminded me of the letter that he had written in the pavilion, and of which Zadi had obtained possession at such extreme risk. This paper he frequently charged me to consider as his dying testament; he as frequently repeated the same thing to his wife, while she wept by his bed-side—His last words were like his letter, "forsake not my poor Louisa!"—His last action was to place her hand in mine—he sank back a corpse on his pillow, and Louisa fell lifeless at my feet.

Yet she saw him once more; she insisted on pressing her lips once again to his. I trembled for the convulsive agonies which her delicate frame would undergo, during this last and most painful scene: yet was I still more alarmed, when I witnessed the composure of her affliction. She held his hand in her's; she spoke not one word; she heaved not one sigh; not a single tear escaped from her burning eyes. She stood long motionless by his bed-side; she bent down, and prest her colourless lips upon his closed lips! and then slowly and silently she withdrew to her widowed chamber.

I chose for Seafield's sepulchre the place which he had always loved best, and where he had suffered the most: his tomb was raised in the fatal pavilion. Zadi and myself laid our friend in the earth: we should have thought his coffin profaned, had we suffered any other hands to touch it. Seafield and his sufferings slept in the grave: his less fortunate friends still lived to lament him.

My benefactor had left his property jointly to Louisa and myself, and his wishes respecting us had been expressed too clearly to be misunderstood. Louisa was among the loveliest of her sex; but I should have counted it profanation, had my heart suffered itself to harbour one thought of her, less pure, than is offered at the shrine of some enfranchised saint. I loved not Louisa; no, I *adored* her. Alas! it was not long before she became a saint indeed.

She complained not, but she sorrowed; she suffered, but it was in silence. In vain did she forbid her lips to confess the progress which grief made in her constitution; her emaciated form sufficiently betrayed it. A few melancholy weeks had elapsed since the death of my friend, when one morning her terrified women informed me, that she was not in her apartment, nor apparently had been in bed all night. My heart instructed me well, where to seek the unfortunate. I flew to the pavilion; she was stretched on the marble stone which covered her husband. In the agony of grief she had burst a blood-vessel, and her limbs were already cold; her countenance was calm, and a faint smile seemed to play round her lips: it was the only smile which I had seen there since Seafield's death. She was deposited in the same grave with her husband; for myself, I was unable to sustain the weight of grief imposed upon me by this second calamity, and a long and dangerous illness was the consequence of my mental sufferings.

The skill of my physician saved my life; and no sooner was I able to quit the house, than I resolved to withdraw from a land, rendered hateful to me by such bitter recollections. In consequence of Louisa's decease, the whole of Seafield's property by his will devolved to me; I endeavoured to prevail on Zadi to accept some part of it, but he declared, that his master's liberality had gone beyond his utmost wishes.

"Yet one request," said he, "I will venture to make. My two eldest sons are grown up and able to take care of themselves: but the third is young, and I feel, that my death can be at no great distance. His brothers may treat him ill, or at least may neglect him; but condescend to take him into your care, let him be your servant, and I shall not have a wish in this world left unaccomplished. Under the protection of an honest

man, my boy cannot fail to become an honest man himself."

Mirza (for that was the lad's name, the same who is now with me) was in the room, and joined his entreaties to his father's, with such earnestness, that I could not refuse their request. I soon after left Ceylon, followed by Zadi's blessings; the good old man is still alive, and by a third hand I hear from him frequently; but the letters which he dictates, embrace but two topics, anxiety for the welfare of his son, and regret for the loss of his beloved master.

"You are now informed," continued Everard, after a moment's pause, addressing himself to the whole society, "you are now informed, by what means I acquired my fortune. It was the gift of gratitude: but never can I recollect the dreadful service which I rendered Seafield (and alas! which I rendered him in vain!) without feeling my frame convulsed with horror, and my mind tortured by the most painful recollections. It is this which has ever made me unwilling to discourse on the means by which I became possessed of my wealth. Yet I cannot but think it somewhat hard, that mere silence should be construed into positive guilt; and that I should be treated as if convicted of the most atrocious crimes, because I have not thought it necessary to make public my private life, and to rend open anew the wounds of my heart for the gratification of idle and impertinent curiosity."

Everard was silent: so were all around him. Confusion blushed on every cheek, except on Jessy's, whose tender heart had been affected by the mournful story, and whose mild blue eyes still floated in tears, though every now and then a smile beamed through them in approbation of her lover's conduct—Her father at length mustered up his courage, and broke through this embarrassing silence.

"My dear good Everard!" said he, "I know not how to excuse my friends here for telling me so many slanders of you, nor myself for having been credulous enough to believe them—In truth, there is but one person in the room, whose lips are worthy to convey to you our apology: there then, let them make it."—And with these words, he placed the blushing Jessy in Everard's arms.

And Jessy's lips wisely exprest the apology in a kiss; and Everard acknowledged, while he prest her to his bosom as his bride, that the apology was not only sufficient, but a reward in full for the sufferings, which he had experienced through the vicissitudes of his whole past life!

HE, who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty, approaches sublimity.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

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MADAME TALLIEN.

(Concluded.)

IT is averred by all classes in France, that the young, handsome, and accomplished Madame de Fontenai, who so long continued the fashionable idol of men, and the fashionable model of women, divorced, and married Tallien only to save her own head, and the lives of hundreds of other innocent persons. She never had any affection, not even inclination, for an individual it was impossible for her to esteem, and she therefore treated him rather as a valet than as a husband; he was used still worse by her father, Count de Gabarrus.

In the sense of strict justice and sound morality, no provocations whatever can extenuate the violation of matrimonial duty. A wife however, circumstanced like Madame Tallien, who had no choice but between the embraces of an unworthy and a worthless husband, or a cruel and degrading death from the hands of the executioner, if disgust or revenge led her astray, though she must certainly be to blame, is less culpable than the unprovoked adultress, whose vicious propensities injure and confer wretchedness on a partner, the free selection of her heart, deserving her love and her fidelity as well as her regard and tenderness.

That Madame Tallien has been very gallant, and very indiscreet in her gallantries, cannot be denied; but that also numbers of persons have boasted of her favours, and published anecdotes of their successful intrigues with her, to whom she had scarcely ever spoken, is equally true; and will be believed by every one who has studied the character of the vain and presumptuous French *petit maitres*, who are greater gasconaders under the colours of Venus, than even under the banners of Mars.

Madame Tallien, when Madame de Fontenai, was esteemed not only one of the most beautiful and amiable persons of her sex, but also as one truly respectable and virtuous; she resided at Paris eighteen months after her first husband's emigration, and was constantly surrounded by admirers and adorers: but she afforded no more occasion for the rumours and clamours of malice and malignity, than for the calumny and accusation of envy and scandal. She quitted the capital in October, 1793, as pure as she returned to it in March, 1794. She never admitted even Tallien, to whom she thought herself both obliged and engaged, but in the presence of a third person; and she never went out to plays, walks, or parties, but in the company of some female friend, or followed by attendants who never lost sight of their mis-

tress. She frequently protested long before her second marriage, that gratitude and humanity alone, had occasioned her divorce, and that she believed she should fall a victim to her feelings, for the sufferings of others. She repeatedly complained to her friends and relatives how disagreeable Tallien was to her, and how much resignation it demanded on her part to unite her destiny with that of such a vile person.

After her marriage, notwithstanding her invincible repugnance to Tallien, she remained faithful and irreproachable; but this vain upstart shewed himself as immoral and indelicate, as cruel and unprincipled. He abandoned a wife then the pride of perfection, and matrimonial loveliness; boasted of the impure society of courtesans and strumpets, and afterwards vaunted before her of his depravity, as of glorious achievements. She still, however, resisted the incitements of revenge, the gratification of her passions, the temptations of pleasure, and the allurements of love, and the pleasing prospect, or rather certainty, of being beloved by gentlemen, her equal by birth, and of principles congenial with her own. At last she happened to be acquainted with the loyal and witty, though not handsome Count de - ——, who hated her husband as much as she despised him. To his first question, "Can a lady of your rank, of your accomplishments, love a moral and political monster, such as Tallien?" She answered only with a significant blush. He took advantage of her bashfulness, embarrassment, nay, humiliation, and she ceased that day to be a virtuous woman—a faithful wife.

When once the nice, but strong limits which separate virtue from vice are transgressed, the road to ruin is smooth, enticing, easy, and nearly irresistible. In the course of a few weeks she entertained as great a contempt of herself as dislike of her husband; but familiarity with debauchery soon engendered indifference towards morality, or even decency. Every gentleman whose nature she liked, whose conversation was agreeable to her, whose figure pleased her, or whom her fancy adorned with real or imaginary excellencies, was certainly without much difficulty or long perseverance, to be counted among her favoured gallants. Her favours and distinctions finally became so common, that they ceased to be either enviable or desirable.

Thus was she situated, when in June, 1798, Tallien sailed for Egypt. At that period a tall, handsome, well-made young man of family, fortune, and education, became very fashionable in the fashionable societies of the French capital. He was introduced there as a Danish traveller, by the name of Frederickson; but was shortly and usually known by the appella-

tion of the *beau Regicide*. His real and family name and title was Count de Ribbing, a Swedish nobleman by birth, but implicated in the murder of Gustavus III. the late king of Sweden.

Shortly after Tallien's departure, the *beau Regicide* was lodged with his wife, and continued with her until 1801, when Bonaparte, having heard of a *penchant* of Josephine for him, dispatched to him an order to quit France immediately, "as the First Consul could not suffer in his dominions an assassin of the father of his ally, the king of Sweden."

Madame Tallien had promised her father to obtain a divorce from her present husband, as soon as he returned from Egypt. A petition for a divorce was therefore ready drawn up, and presented to Tallien at her first interview in 1801, accompanied with two living arguments, her two sons, of whom she had been delivered during his absence, and of whom she acknowledged that the *beau Regicide* and Co. were the fathers. After many complaints, reproaches, oaths, and threats, he at length consented, and in 1802, the daughter of Count Gabarrus was still unmarried, with two husbands alive.

Madame Tallien is an incredible composition of virtues and vices; of good qualities and shameful irregularities. From habit more than from inclination she is, like Madame Bonaparte, one of the most profligate female characters of revolutionary France. Above remorse as well as repentance, she seems to care as little about what others say of her, as about her own conduct. She is now (1809) in her thirty-eighth year, but does not appear to be twenty-five; she certainly is still, one of the finest, best formed, and handsomest women of the French capital, though she no longer has any great influence in the fashionable world.

Madame Tallien in 1805, married M. de Caraman, much against the wishes of the family of the latter. She has now three husbands alive, besides two children, of whom neither of them is the father. Hitherto her behaviour, since her marriage with M. de Caraman, is as irreproachable and prudent as during her first marriage with M. de Fontenai, who often visits his *ci-devant* wife. She has publicly declared her intention to regain her lost reputation, which she says would always have been preserved, had not her first husband been a fool, and her second a rogue. She is now united to a gentleman of sense and honour, to whom she seems sincerely and affectionately attached.

Towards the end of life we are ourselves; we no longer seek to please, and we lose the desire of pleasing together with the right.

THE LADIES' TOILETTE ;

OR,

ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF BEAUTY.

Of the Beauty of the Skin.

In Continuation.

THE opinion of De Senac is just in more than one respect. It is certain that nothing contributes more to the beauty of the skin, than to retain in it the products of insensible perspiration ; but yet the method which he recommends does not fulfil all the conditions, and is not adapted to all cases ; nay, there are even women whose skin would rather be injured than embellished with oil. We may go still farther, and assert that only applications, properly so called, would sometimes prove pernicious, and would always produce the effect which De Senac expected of them.

It is true, that by the application of unctuous cosmetics, we counteract as much as possible the effect of the exterior causes that destroy the beauty of the complexion, and the delicacy of the skin. But there are, as I have already observed, other causes, and it is unnecessary to remark, that this medium would be absolutely nugatory when interior causes impair beauty. What benefit can be derived from topical applications, for instance, when the defects of the skin depend on a derangement of the stomach, or a diseased liver, or an affection of the lungs, or the interruption of some secretion ? It is not to exterior applications, but to a skilful physician that recourse ought to be had, and when all the functions have returned to their natural course, the skin will resume its original freshness and lustre. It is therefore to internal causes that we ought first to direct our attention ; and the first step towards recalling beauty, is to restore health.

Whiteness is one of the qualities which it is requisite for the skin to possess, before it can be called beautiful. In this point, the taste of the ancients correspond with ours ; they held whiteness of the skin in such estimation, that they regarded this quality as the distinguishing characteristic beauty. The name of Venus, the goddess of beauty, is explained by the Celto-Breton primitive *ven*, which signifies *white*, as we are informed by La Tour d'Auvergne Carret, in his work entitled, *Des Origines Gauloises*.

I have observed that many causes may injure the whiteness of the skin, and that the air in particular is the natural enemy of the lilies of a beautiful complexion ; but unfortunately for our handsome women, it is not the only enemy. A laborious life, or excess in pleasure ; too much sleep, or too frequent watchings ; too intense ap-

plication, or the languor of a life of indolence and apathy; melancholy and violent passions, grief, fear, anxiety or hatred, are all prejudicial to the beauty of the skin, tarnish its lustre, and efface or alter its colours. On the contrary, a life of prudence and regularity; easy and varied occupations; benevolent, exalted, and generous affections; the exercise of virtue, and that inward satisfaction which is its most valuable reward; such are the causes which preserve the flexibility of the organs, the free circulation of the humours, and a perfect state of all the functions, whence result both health and beauty.

The diet also has a very great influence upon the colour of the skin. Buffon has observed that the delicate complexion and happy physiognomy of the nobility and most persons of the higher classes, are partly owing to the aliments they use. It has been remarked, for instance, that the use of barley-bread renders the skin more pale, and that persons who are in the habit of eating salt and dried provisions, seldom have a fine complexion. I have found in the works of physicians, various observations, which confirm the opinion of Buffon, but it is not my intention to swell out this chapter with them.

Water has not a less influence on the beauty of the carnation, and an accurate judgment of the quality of the water of a district, may be formed by merely consulting the complexion of the inhabitants. It is therefore of considerable importance with respect also to beauty, to make use only of wholesome water.

The liver, according to physicians, has the most direct relations with the skin as is demonstrated likewise by facts. Hypochondriac affections give the cutaneous surface a dull, brownish colour; in consequence of the bite of a viper, an unctuous bile flows toward the skin. The complexion of the bilious is always distinguished by a yellowish colour; in persons of that constitution acrid, cutaneous diseases are more frequent; sometimes the St. Anthony's fire is seen to accompany fevers of a billious nature, and general and critical eruptions to succeed obstinate quartan fevers.

All these facts, to which might be added many more, clearly demonstrates not only that the acrid and chronical maladies of the skin proceed from diseases of the bile and liver, but that the complexion itself depends in a great measure on the action of that viscus.

It must therefore be obvious that it would be unavailing to endeavour to counteract certain defects of the complexion, and especially its yellow or brown colour, by means of cosmetics, for these recourse must be had to internal remedies.

[*To be continued.*]

LONDON FASHIONS

FOR MAY.

From La Belle Assemblee, and Ackerman's Repository.

Walking, or Carriage Dress.

A fine cambrick round gown, with high collar, finished with needle work and scolloped lace: a correspondent trimming round the bottom of the dress. A Spanish spencer of black or puce colored velvet, edged with gold lace. A waistcoat or wrap front of marble satin, with collar the same as the spencer, also edged with gold lace. The Vigonian helmet, or patriotic bonnet, composed of the same materials; the helmet edged with gold lace, and the crown crossed with gold chord, terminating on one side with a cone tassel.

Evening, or full dress.—A Spartan robe, demi-train, of pale blue or grey crape, worn over a white satin slip, ornamented round the bottom and up the front and back seam with gold or silver lace; triangular front back and sleeves, formed of the same trimming, and terminating on each shoulder with a topaz or gold broach; long sleeve of transparent net, or gold tissue, in oblique stripes. Oriental armlets, and bracelets of topaz or wrought gold; ear rings and necklace *en suite*. Spartan cap, with Persian diadem, composed of various gems; an ostrich and heron's feather placed towards one side, and drooping over the front of the head dress. The hair in irregular ringlets on the forehead and cropped close behind. A Carthage cymar, or scarf of double shot Spanish silk, suspended gracefully from one shoulder, and crossing the skirt of the figure behind, is confined to the front by the natural disposition of the adverse hand.

Ball Dress.

White satin slip, under a crape dress, made to fit the figure very exactly, cut open in front, and bound all around with white satin ribbon, and a row of beads linked together in front, with bands of beads loosely suspended at seperate distances; short sleeves the same——Fan richly spangled, pearl necklace, with diamond clasp in front; ear rings and bracelets to suit.—White shoes striped in scarlet or blue. Hair in ringlets on the forehead, and lightly turned up behind with a diamond comb, petticoats very short.

Walking Dress.

Dress of white Scotia washing silk. Bishop's mantle of sage or olive green, striped and plain silk, made entirely without seams; border of the same color. Hat to correspond, and decorated with artificial flowers. Shoes sage or olive green, also to correspond.

General Observations.

Spanish hats which have been worn all the winter, with feathers for full dress, are now converted into walking hats, substituting flowers

and white silk hats are making their appearance for the season. Light mantles, of all colours, are much worn. Colours vary with the taste of the individual; silver grey is unquestionably the most elegant and the most fashionable. The attempt to introduce long waists has completely failed; they have not, nor will they ever become fashionable.

Gentlemen's Fashions.

Under this head we have no other alteration to record in the present month, except that leather breeches, of a very deep colour approaching to brown, and boots are much worn by gentlemen.

Method of preserving fruit of different kinds, in a fresh state, about twelve months.

It is necessary to gather the fruit two or three days before you begin the process. Take care not to bruise the fruit, and to gather them before they are quite ripe. Spread them on a table, over a little clean straw, to dry them; this is best done on a parlour floor, the windows open to admit fresh air, so that all the moisture on the skin of the fruit may be perfectly dried away.

Pears and apples take three days: strawberries only twenty-four hours: the latter should be taken upon a silver three-pronged fork, and the stalk cut off without touching them, as the least pressure will cause them to rot. Take only the largest and fairest fruit. This is the most tender and difficult to preserve; but if done with attention, will keep six months; there must not be more than one pound in one jar. Chuse a common earthen jar, with a stopper of the same, that will fit close.

The pears and apples then, sorted as before, must be wrapped up separately in soft wrapping paper, and twist it closely about the fruit; then lay clean straw at the bottom, and a layer of fruit; then a layer of straw, and so on until your vessel is full. But you must not put more than a dozen in each jar; if more, their weight will bruise those at the bottom.

Peaches and apricots are best stored up, wrapped each in soft paper, and fine shred paper between the fruit, and also the layers.—Grapes must be stored in the jar with fine shred paper between the fruit, which will keep one from touching the other as much as possible. Five or six bunches are the most which should be put in one jar; if they are large, not so many; for it is to be understood that whenever you open a jar, you must use that day all the fruit that is in it.

Strawberries, as well as peaches, should have fine shred paper under and between them, in the place of straw, which is only to be used for apples and pears. Put in the strawberries, and the paper

layer by layer: when the jar is full, put on the stopper, and have it well luted round, so as perfectly to keep out the air. A composition of rosin or grating wax is best: let none of it get within side of the jar, which is to be placed in a temperate cellar; but be sure to finish your process in the last quarter of the moon.—Do not press the fruit, as any juice running out would spoil all below.

Farmer's Magazine.

VARIETY.

A peasant, being at confession, accused himself of having stolen some hay—The father confessor asked him how many bundles he had taken from the stack?—"that is of no consequence," replied the peasant, "you may set it down a waggon load, for my wife and I are going to fetch the remainder very soon."

The celebrated Mrs. Clive was an actress of considerable repute in London, long before Garrick appeared upon the stage. When his genius broke forth in the metropolis, every other performer sunk at once into the shades, and Mrs. Clive, as well as the rest, with all her original merit, fell into comparative insignificance. Her temper was violent, and her manners coarse. She always vented her spleen without restraint upon Garrick, and even affected to deny his merit as an actor. One night, while he was performing *Lear*, she stood behind the scenes, attending to his performance. Unable, with all her masculine roughness of character, to resist the pathetic touches of his skill, she remained fixed on the spot, sobbing, and abusing him at the same moment; at length, after repeated alternations of tears and curses, wholly overcome by the affecting powers of the great actor before her, she hastily rushed from the place, with the following strange, but expressive tribute to the universality of his skill—"Curse him, I believe he could *act a gridiron!*"

CURIOUS ANECDOTES,
From the
Travels of M Gardane, in Persia.

The politeness of the Persians is of a species perfectly oriental. A nobleman of high rank went one day to the French ambassador's, to beg his pardon because the weather was so bad in Persia.

The diplomatic conferrences at Teheran, are held in the same manner as in our dramatic exhibitions, with the doors open, and in the presence of a multitude of auditors. The orientals cannot conceive the necessity of secrecy in conventions between states.

The women are kept as much enslaved in Persia, as in the rest of the east. A Frenchman belonging to the suite of the ambassador,

one day, excited a great uproar at Taheran, for having ventured to cast some inquisitive looks at the garden of a seraglio. At the sight of a man, the women uttered screams of affright; some of them even snatched up arms, and prepared to repel ogles with musket balls.

M. Gardane one day asked a Persian nobleman how many children he had? "I don't know," replied he, "enquire of my secretary." The secretary turned to his list, and answered that his master had seventeen children!

A PRISONER in the Fleet prison sent to his creditor, to let him know he had a proposal to make, which he believed would be for their mutual benefit. Accordingly the creditor called on him to hear it. "I have been thinking," said he, "that it is a very idle thing for me to lie here and put you to the expénse of seven groats a week. My being so chargeable to you has given me great uneasiness, and it is impossible to say what it may cost you in the end. Therefore what I would propose is this; you shall let me out of prison, and instead of seven groats, you shall allow me only eighteen pence a week, and the other ten pence shall go towards the discharge of the debt." *Lon. paper.*

To conduct himself through the affairs of the world with tolerable decency and advantage, a man must be reserved, but not sour; grave, but not formal; bold, but not rash; humble, but not servile; patient, not insensible; constant, not obstinate; cheerful, not light; rather sweet than familiar; familiar than intimate—intimate with very few, and upon very good grounds; mindful to return civility, and grateful for favours received.

The sensible Fool.

Alphonso, king of Naples, had in his court a fool, who used to write down in a book all the follies of the great men in his time that were at court. The king having a Moor in his household, sent him to the Levant, to buy horses, with ten thousand ducats; this the fool marked in his book as a pure piece of folly.—Sometime after, the king called for the book, and found at last his own name, with the story of the ten thousand ducats. The king, being somewhat moved, asked the reason why his name was there? Because, says the jester, you have committed a piece of folly, to give your money to one you are never like to see again. But if he does come again, says the king, and brings me the horses, what folly is that in me? Why if ever he does come again, replies the fool, I'll blot out your name, and put in his.

A gentleman, who had more money than brains, in purchasing a

library, particularly requested to have every elegant edition of Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, &c. and added. "If these fellows *publish any thing new*, don't forget to let me have them."

PEDESTRIAN FEAT.

Mr. Howe, who started at four o'clock on Wednesday se'nnight to go to Exeter from London, and return in six days being 146 miles, at the rate of 58 miles a day, arrived near Andover (64 miles) at nine o'clock at night; his longest stoppage had been half an hour at Basingstoke. On the following day he walked 79 miles, and on the third day he dined at Exeter, stopped there three hours and returned to Honiton to sleep, 16 miles towards London. On the fourth day he reached within nine miles of Salisbury, and slept at a public house near Basingstoke on the fifth night and he did the other 49 miles comfortably by six o'clock in the e ening on the sixth day. The match was for 200 guineas, and Mr. Howe stood half the stake.

To those of my patrons who are in arrears for the 8th vol. of the Miscellany, I take the liberty of observing that I have to pay cash for almost every article necessary to its printing. The sum due from each is small, but the aggregate is not inconsiderable to me. After laying out of money six months, I hope it will not be deemed unprecedented if I should look for a return. Those who have paid prompt attention to the calls of my collector will accept my unfeigned thanks. EDITOR.

MARRIED,

On the 30th of April last, by the rev. Mr. Jesse Oakley, Mr. Wm. Pope, of the United States Navy, a native of Maryland, to Miss Eliza Morray, of New-York.

On Monday evening, by the rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Eliphalet Williams, of the house of B. W. Rogers, & Co. to Miss Rebecca Phoenix, daughter of Daniel Phoenix, Esq. all of this city.

On the 14th inst. by the rev. William Parkinson, Mr. Sylvester Pier, of this city, to Miss Deborah Charlick, daughter of Henry Charlick, of Fishkill.

On the 15th inst. by the rev. Dr. Mason, Mr. R. Howard, of the house of Howard, Phelps, & Co. to Miss Margaret Taylor, daughter of John Taylor, Esq. all of this city.

At Providence, Rhode-Island, on Sunday May the 28th, by the rev. Mr. Wilson, Mr. William Riley, to Miss Mary Hill, daughter of Mr. Christopher Hill.

On Sunday evening, the 11th inst, by the rev. Dr. Lyell, Captain Francis Mallaby, to Mrs. Frances Brennan, both of this city.

On Friday evening last, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Ebenezer Ruland, to Miss Elizabeth Mercer.

DIED,

On Sunday last, of a consumption, Mrs. Lucinda Bishop, wife of Capt. Warren Bishop.

On Sunday, Mr. Joseph Meeks, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE SMILE.

Beneficence—legitimate of heav'n!
Allied to virtue, charity, and love,
'Twas thee that gave that smile, so chaste, so sweet;
'Twas thee, sole inmate of Eliza's heart,
That brib'd her lips to bless her suff'ring love,
And wake his soul from dreams of cold despair,
By one enchanting smile;—'twas thee alone—
I dare not think 'twas love—for ecstacy
Would drive me mad.

The cold, insensible, and thoughtless throng
Envy all others, who have pow'r to feel;
Malignant smile! and thus deride that pow'r,
"Live on a simper, on a frown you die."
Such is my fate!—forgive censorious world,
Until you see Eliza happ'ly smile,
Indicative of purity and love;
If such can never have the power to charm,
Heav'n has curtail'd your share of happiness—
For never will you, never can you love.
Since then, Eliza, you possess the key
To tune our hearts to harmony and love,
Be parsimonious of your gift divine,
Nor Nature's laws invert—or make this earth
A heav'n—Such renovating smiles reserve
For me alone—by me they ever will be priz'd—
By me, they will be valu'd.

Cheviot.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

LINES,
TO WHOM THEY APPLY.

WHO in thy breast first waken'd passions sigh?
Who caught thy ardent gaze, and fix'd thine eye?
And taught the polish'd, tender, mild reply?
But me alone!

Who, when the busy crowd fatigued no more,
And evening came, and all thy toil was o'er,
Say, who could calm domestic joys restore?
But me alone!

Who, when thy languid, aching heart reclin'd,
Could smooth thy pillow, ease thy troubled mind,
Shade off the heat, the cold and wintry wind?
But me alone!

Who, when the social Summer's walk to share,
And taste the balmy sweets of evening air,
Hung on thy arm, and banish'd all thy care?
But me alone!

And who, ah! who, when dire misfortune shed
Its arrows o'er *my* sad, defenceless head,
From all my truth, my love, and sorrow fled?
But thou alone!!

And who, when foul ingratitude no more
Shall wound this heart, and all my griefs are o'er,
Say, who shall feel remorse in every pore?
But thou alone!

Julia Francesca.

COMMUNICATED.

THE BATTLE OF LINDEN.

By Thomas Campbell.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Yser rolling rapidly.

But Linden shew'd another sight
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills by thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And vollying like the bolt of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

And redder still shall be the glow,
On Linden's hills of purpled snow,
And bloodier still shall be the flow
Of Yser rolling rapidly.

This morn—yet scarce yon lurid sun,
Can pierce the War-cloud rolling dun,
Whilst furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous cannonry.

The combat deepens—on ye brave,
Who rush to glory—or the grave;
Wave Munich, all your banners wave,
And charge with all your chivalry.

O few shall part where many meet,
The snow shall be your winding sheet,
And every turf beneath your feet,
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

MY HUSBAND.

HAPPY twenty-seventh of May!
Let me on this joyous day,
Dedicate to thee my lay,
My Husband!

May no cares perplex thy mind;
Ever faithful, fond, and kind,
To the last thou shalt me find,
My Husband!

Sickness may my bloom destroy;
Adversity may damp our joy;
Yet virtuous pleasures never cloy,
My Husband!

Blest with thee, no ills I fear,
Let wealth and beauty disappear,
To this heart thou art most dear,
My Husband!

See our blooming offspring round,
While such joys as these abound,
Where can purer bliss be found?
My Husband!

EPIGRAM.

Without our sex, proud Lucy cries,
Adam could not taste paradise—
Without her sex, then let her know,
He'd tasted paradise—till now!

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